I: Washington S-4 (no date) 1956 AF13 Northwest China AF13

B. Imports:			6,456,722
cotton piece goods	669,884		
raw cotton	47,353		
paper	102,340		
iron and copper goods	40,362		
tea	145,786		
seafood	68,755		
chinaware	13,850		
silk	193,264		
tobacco	48,300		
sundries	5,015,022		
miscellaneous	113,793		
Grand Total			7,993,554

Source: Shina Shōbetsū Zenshi, 1943 ed., Vol. 7, pp. 634-37.

C. Ninghsia

The trade in Ninghsia is centered around its capital city, Ninghsia, which is the midpoint of the two important trade routes in the Northwest, one being the Yellow River, and the other being the caravan routes. The Yellow River route is usually divided into the following six sections:

Table III: The Yellow River Route (downstream)

Places	Length (li) (1 li = 1890 ft.)	Days of Journey
Hsi-ning–Lanchou*	480	3-5
Lanchou–Chung-wei	740	3-4
Chung-wei–Ninghsia	350	3-4
Ninghsia–Shih-ts'uan-tzu	190	2
Shih-ts'uan-tzu-Teng-kuo	200	2
Teng-kuo–Pao-t'ou	1,000	7-10
Total	2,960	20-27

*Including its tributary, the Huang River or Hsi-ning-ho.
Source: Shino Shōbetsū Zenshi, 1943 ed., Vol. 7, pp. 640-41.

The caravan routes consist of the following:

1. from Hsi-ning to Ninghsia via Lanchou,
2. from Sinkiang to Ninghsia via Alashan,
3. from Pao-t'ou to Ninghsia via the Ordos,
4. from Ping-liang, Kansu, to Ninghsia via Hua-ma-chih.

A caravan used to have thirty to fifty camels, each camel carrying about 375 pounds of goods and traveling about fifty to seventy li a day. (For modern highways see section Communications.)

According to 1933 statistics, the total value of exports and imports of Ninghsia amounted to 6,310,000 yüan, a little less

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The local magistrate then has to admit that there is certainly a road to Lonan, but adds that it passes over a terrible mountain. Further enquiries show that it is of course a much used trail of two stages of 90 li each.

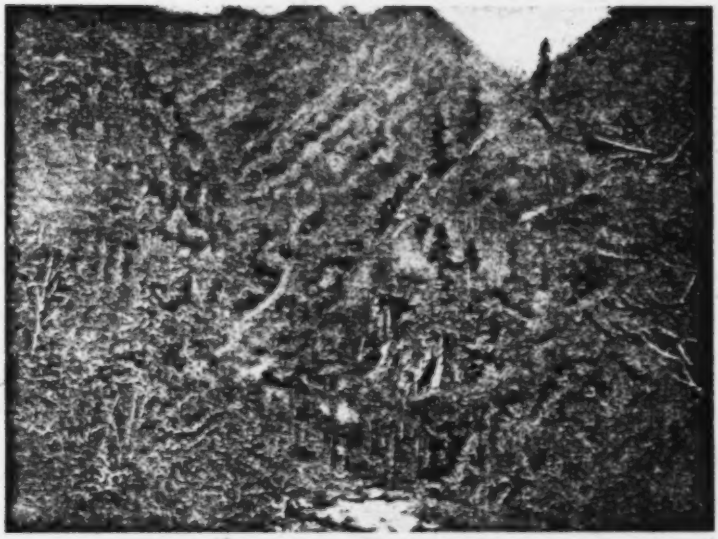
We left T'ungkuan at daybreak on April 9th, an immense procession of ponies, mules, chairs, baggage coolies, soldiers, and miscellaneous hangers-on, of which my share amounted to three riding ponies and five pack mules. There are no cart roads in Shensi south of the Ch'inling Shan, and the Chinese always travel where possible in chairs. Having tried all methods of travel in North China I have come to the conclusion that a pacing pony with an American saddle and mules for the baggage are best and quickest, comparative rapidity of movement being an important point in the avoidance of undue fatigue; this method of travel is also far cheaper than chairs and baggage coolies and entails a minimum of friction over transport arrangements. But the tracks of Southern Shensi are very hard on the animals, and it is advisable to carry a good supply of shoes and to have a man in the caravan who can put them on.

The trail runs due south for 40 li ascending gradually over the loess foothills to the hamlet of Haoch'ayu lying at the mouth of a gloomy gorge in the rocky barrier range of mountains which bound the Wei River valley on the south. This range, the backbone of China, starts from the highlands of Northern Tibet and finally loses itself in the plains of Honan, serving all the way as the watershed between the Yangtzu and Yellow River basins, and marking the dividing line between Central and North China; that is to say between rice-eating peoples who cultivate alluvial valleys with water buffaloes and employ coolies for transport, and wheat-eating peoples who cultivate loess plains and uplands and use ponies, mules, and camels for transport. We call these mountains Ch'inling, which is really the Chinese name for the passes across the watershed range.

Entering the narrow stony gorge we followed it for about 20 li till it ended in a steep zigzag climb leading to the pass, which like most passes in China is not a saddle but just the ordinary ridge of the range crossed at the most direct point. Chinese trails always prefer where possible to go straight from point to point across the intervening obstacle rather

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

PLATE IX



GORGE IN THE CH'INLING SHAN ON THE TRAIL TO FOP'ING

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ACCIDENT TO A PONY ON THE FOP'ING TRAIL

[FACING p. 44]

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316 no oil was found anywhere except at Yench'ang alongside
471 of the original Japanese well.

Finally in the summer of 1916 work was stopped, the Americans withdrew, and the enterprise was apparently abandoned, the bulky machinery being left behind. Apart from the absence of oil, there must have been many difficulties to contend with in connection with the brigandage and increasing chaos in that region.

The wells have now been filled in, and scarcely a trace of the Americans remains, except for the derelict machinery and the good reputation the surveyors and geologists left behind them amongst the natives, who speak of their departure with great regret and look forward to their ultimate return.

The failure of the enterprise was a bitter disappointment to the local Chinese, for whom the two years were a golden age and who had conjured up visions of railways, roads and pipe-lines, and an era of booming prosperity. Instead of which Northern Shensi now continues as of old to produce little but sand and brigands.

The two original Japanese wells continue to produce oil, and the concern, under official management, flourishes in a small way. Their output is limited by their facilities for refining and transporting the oil, and only one well is therefore usually at work. The oil is sold in the neighbourhood and also across the Yellow River in Shansi, where the people
• [492] are more prosperous. Transport is by pack mule over the roughest of mountain trails, and the expense of carriage prevents its penetrating any great distance. It was of course owing to the inaccessibility of the region that it was necessary to find oil in really large quantities to make the installation of a pipe-line, say to the Yangtzu, worth the enormous expense entailed.

487 From Yenan we proposed proceeding east to Yench'ang
133 and to work our way thence somehow or other back to Hsian through Eastern Shensi. Of course everyone said there was no road in that direction, and we knew that the country just west of the Yellow River was likely to prove very rough and poor. But we felt confident that we should as usual always find trails of some kind from one district city to another. As events turned out we found a trail,

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

ponies and mules and I never heard what happened to it or whether there was anyone inside. The Chinese pack saddle is made in two parts, the framework containing the baggage resting unattached on the saddle proper, an excellent system permitting of quick and easy loading and unloading; but it has the disadvantage that if the mule falls in fording a difficult river, his load is likely to disappear for good. A few li after crossing the Wei River the village of Tsaot'an is reached, whence the road continues south across the plain for 25 li to reach the north wall of Hsian Fu.

2: Teichman G-5 1919 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

PLATE XXIII

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KANSU PONY

KANSU PONY

[FACING p. 104]

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

the edge of a precipitous cañon, which has engulfed the road during recent years, and c[illegible]ntinue again on the further side, while the track now in [illegible] winds round the head of the ra[illegible]ne. All through the loess country of Shensi and Kansu it is the [illegible]e story, the track winding about to avoid the rifts, which are ever widening and working backwards by the collapse of their vertical walls. We were met on the provincial border by some Kansu officials and a couple of dozen Mahomedan braves, picturesque looking warriors mounted on handsome Kansu ponies, from whose appearance it was evident we were entering a new country. All Chinese in the North can ride after a fashion; but a Kansu Mahomedan, a Mongol, or a Tibetan sits his pony as though born to the saddle. Thus escorted we dropped by a long descent of ten li through a gully in the loess to Ching Chou (now Chingch'uan Hsien), and found ourselves once more in the valley of the Ching Ho.

From Ching Chou to P'ingliang Fu is a distance of 130 li, which can be divided into two marches by halting at the village of Paishui Yi, 75 li out. The road, a broad tree-lined highway, runs up the valley of the Ching Ho, which is well cultivated and populated. The trees along this road, which extend on and off all the way from Hsian to Lanchou, are said to have been planted by the order of the great General Tso, the conqueror of the Mahomedans, and if so, all travellers in summer time have reason to be thankful to him for the welcome shade they afford. At Paishui Yi we were met by the P'ingliang magistrate, one of the very best district officers we came across in all our journeys, who proceeded that same evening to take advantage of his presence in the village to try a case in the courtyard of the rest-house in which we were stopping; no red tape or ceremony of any kind, but a quick, straightforward hearing. Kansu is an old-fashioned and conservative province, and at the time of our visit was jogging along in much the same way as under the Manchus, without having adopted many of the new methods of the Republic. This magistrate was a regular territorial official *de carrière*, the son of an official, and, though still quite young, had served for some years as a magistrate under the previous regime. Consequently he was thoroughly conversant with his work, and compared

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

Kokonor border. The wool is usually bought by Mahomedan middlemen, called *Hsiehchia*, and passed on by them to the Chinese agents. A similar, but smaller trade, is carried on at collecting centres such as Chungwei, Ninghsia, Shihtsuitzu, Wufang Ssu, and Huamach'ih on the borders of Mongolia in the north of the province, but this Mongolian wool is inferior in quality to the Kokonor produce.

The immense journey made by this wool from the Kokonor to Tientsin is only rendered commercially possible by the Treaty right exercised by foreigners of bringing produce down to the coast from the interior under transit pass, which exempts the goods from taxation by the likin barriers *en route*, a fixed transit duty being paid to the Customs at the coast. This arrangement is all right when the provinces are knit together under a strong central government and when the finances of the country are national rather than provincial; under a loose federal system of semi-independent provinces, however, into which China appears at times to be drifting, the authorities of a distant interior province like Kansu can scarcely be expected to look with favour on an arrangement by which the most valuable trade in the province is in theory immune from all local taxation.

We purchased ponies at various places during our long journeys as we required them; one of the best I secured was acquired at Hsining. These Kansu ponies are bred on the grass-country of the Kokonor, and the two chief collecting centres for horse flesh are Hsining and T'aochou, especially the latter. They are of an entirely different breed to the East Mongolian pony so well known in the Treaty ports. The Kansu pony is much finer in appearance though not so strongly built or as good a weight carrier at fast paces as the Kalgan pony; and being usually handled at an earlier age he is generally more civilized. For the purposes for which they are required, that is to say long road journeys at four miles an hour or so, the Kansu ponies would be difficult to beat anywhere, doing twenty to thirty miles a day for weeks or months on end, with the roughest of stabling, and on a diet of chopped straw, bran, and peas. A *Pei K'ou Ma* (pony from the Northern Passes, i.e. from Kalgan) is considered of little account in Kansu, and

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

similarly on the grass lands north of Peking a *Hsi K'ou Ma* (pony from the Western Passes, i.e. Kansu) is a drug in the market; and both are useless on the stone paved paths south of the Ch'inling Shan, where the diminutive stallions of Szechuan, Yunnan, and Kueichou alone are employed. Small horses from Turkestan are also often seen in Kansu, but they are not as satisfactory to use as the native ponies. A *sine qua non* of all travelling ponies is that they should be able to *tsou*, which means the smooth amble or pace of four to five miles an hour always used by the travelling horseman in Eastern Asia; a pony that cannot *tsou* is practically worthless as a mount in Chinese eyes, and the reason will be apparent to anyone who has tried to do a long journey on a pony which has no pace between a slow walk and a slow trot.

From Hsining to Lanchou there are two roads, a cart track *via* P'ingfan in eight stages, and a mule road down the Hsining River in six stages; we followed the latter. The first day's march is one of 75 li down the valley, which is most of the way a mile or so wide and bounded by bare dreary hills of loess and red sandstone patched with a white alkaline efflorescence, to the village of Changch'i Chai. Twenty-five li out at the hamlet of Hsiaohsia K'ou the hills close in to form a short defile, and the road crosses the river by a good bridge. Much of the valley is an arid waste like the hills, as the river runs part of the way in a trough at a lower level, thus rendering irrigation impossible. The next stage is one of 80 li to the village of Kao Miaotzu. The trail runs down the valley, fertile where irrigation can be practised; it passes through a rocky defile 15 li out and reaches the small district city of Nienpo 50 li out. Occasional glimpses are caught of the high range to the south separating the Hsining River from the Yellow River. There is a curious mixture of races in this neighbourhood, including some people locally called *T'u Jen*, who were described to us as "tame" aborigines, and some Mahomedans who are said to speak a Mongolian dialect. There is plenty of subject matter for the ethnologist's study in Western Kansu, as in Western Szechuan and Yunnan.

From Kao Miaotzu the road continues down the cultivated valley for 20 li to the village of Laoya. Here the

2: Teichman G-5 (1919) 1921 AF13 Northwest China AF13

the landscape is dreary in the extreme, the population scanty and miserably poor, supplies non-existent, and the water, where it is found, brackish. The third day's march is through similar country until, 50 li from Hsikou, the trail debouches from these barren hills on to a small irrigated plain alongside the Yellow River, which here issues from a cleft in the mountains; at the further end of the plain lies the long straggling village of Powan. To the north and south are bare desolate mountains.

At Powan we abandoned our train of Kansu pack-mules. These particular mules, each carrying between two and three hundred pounds, had accompanied us for three to four months, during which period they had covered over 2000 miles without a hitch, with never a sore back, and never one sick or lame. The Kansu mule is perhaps the finest in the world; his only drawback is that he requires a lot of grain and does not do well in the grass country. The muleteers, Kansu men, walked the entire distance and never gave us any trouble whatsoever; both they and their animals seemed capable of going on for ever as long as they both got plenty to eat. The Kansu pack-mules are all entires, and their strength and endurance are simply astounding; the mares are worked in carts.

We found our rafts waiting for us, having accomplished safely in a few hours the journey which had taken us three days. Two of them were fitted out to take our ten ponies, and two others had tents pitched for our accommodation; another carried the soldiers of our escort, and two more were laden with odds and ends of merchandize belonging apparently to the owner of the lumber. By midday the whole flotilla of seven were swirling down the river under the autumn sun, and as we reclined in front of our tents and watched the sandstone cliffs shoot by after so many months of mountain and desert we felt thoroughly at peace with things generally. The river flowed between low hills of red sandstone with loess superimposed, grass covered on the right bank and desert on the left. In places small plains, like that in which Powan lies, opened out on either side; they were always irrigated by huge water wheels, of exactly the same type as those so common in Szechuan, and their green trees and fertile fields formed a striking contrast to the background of desert hills.

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
AF13 Northwest China AF13

a Moslem regiment from distant Kansu—marching whither? At that time, mercifully, we were not aware of what atrocities such men were capable; but on that journey the Hand that led protected.

CHAPTER II

SIAN TO PINGLIANG

THE beauties of Sian have been too often and too well described to need any mention of them here, much as we enjoyed our visits to the Mosque, the Nestorian Tablet, and other monuments of historical interest. After a short stay our litters were hired for the eighteen stages which lay between us and Lanchow, the provincial capital of Kansu. Our experience of this mode of travel in Shansi was considerable, and in view of the many minor accidents with which we had met, it was no satisfaction to us to find that in this case the matting-covered body of the litter was set high over the backs of the mules, instead of hanging between them, as those had been to which we were accustomed. 'It is for greater safety in the bad mountain roads,' was the reason given, but the knowledge that in the case of a probable overturn we were farther from the ground, brought little comfort. The well of the litter was ballasted with our boxes, and over these were laid the bed-bags, containing our wadded quilts. Cushions, rugs, lunch baskets, and all the miscellaneous articles which can be classed as 'hand-luggage,' were slung into the back of that portion reserved for our personal accommodation, in hope that these varied and incongruous objects would, somehow or other, amalgamate into a solid support for our weary frames. There was,

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
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of course, the inevitable fuss with the litter-men, who, when they saw the baggage (which in this case was compact and well under the recognised load suited to the occasion), commenced the invariable protest: 'Too small and too heavy! My mules can never drag this over Lupan mountain. If you had made big, soft bundles they might have been heavier still, and I would not have said a word, but such a dead weight, who can deal with it?'

492.

We learnt later that in the loading of a camel its grumblings commence as the first bale is placed on its back, and continue uninterruptedly until the load is equal to its strength, but as soon as it shows signs of being in excess, the grumbling ceases suddenly, and then the driver says: 'Enough! put no more on this beast!' This is a test equally applicable to the Mongol's camel, and to China's carter.

Into the tunnel-like aperture we finally crept, while with a sickening heave, first the back shafts, then the front were lifted into position on the creaking wooden saddle, whereupon the restive mule dashed for the narrow gate of the courtyard, while the yelling by-standers rushed to its head, to stop the seemingly inevitable smash. Thus through the West Gate of Sian we plunged, past the great well which supplies the city with water, and into the open country where the roads were inches deep in mud. The mules, however, which had stood for several days in the stable, were excited, consequently when we came to the mud-pits, where the driver left us to pick his way on a narrow side-path, two of them seized the chance of liberty to pull in opposite directions for one agonising moment, thus flinging the litter and its occupant to the ground, but fortunately with no unhappy results. With frenzied curses yet with skilful and careful movements,

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
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492 the muleteers now came to the rescue; and in a short time all was in order, so that, apart from the fact that the feet and legs of man and beast were encased in a sheath of thick mud, which gradually hardened to the consistency of plaster of Paris, no damage was done.

241 The Sian plain is a fertile land, with vast wheat-fields, where in late autumn the persimmon groves make a beautiful picture. The widespreading foliage of dark glossy leaves, symmetric in form, together with the golden fruit hanging in profusion from the bending boughs, are very distinctive features. The wayside food, also, was the best we had met with in China, and before long we entered the pear-growing district around Pinchow, where extensive orchards stretch for miles on all sides. Here, besides filling every chink of our luggage with the pears, we considerably added to that elastic quantity known as 'hand-baggage,' and for several days we pillowed our heads on lumpy sacks of the fruit.

322 [443] A few hours before entering the border of Kansu, we passed a number of booths in which were sold numerous small articles carved from the wood of the jujube tree (*Zizyphus jujuba*), which supplies a fine quality of dark, red wood pleasing to the eye, and so hard as to be almost indestructible. A plantation of these trees 346 surrounds a temple backed by enormous rock, on which has been carved the figure of a gigantic sitting Buddha. After wandering around and between its huge feet, we climbed the many flights of steps leading to a gallery 723 on a level with the prodigious face. This Buddha forms one of a group of three colossal images, the chief of which, within Tibetan fastnesses, stands—with foot thrust forward—waiting for the appointed hour when he must move towards his sleeping brother, reposing outstretched, in a temple of distant Kansu. Him he must

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927
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entirely without iron, even to a single nail, in its whole structure. The great wooden wheels, which were eight feet high, lifted it bodily over the deep rivers, and the hood, which was covered with grass-matting, reminded us of a French peasant's waggon. This distinguished vehicle only cost us about fifty shillings, and was thoroughly satisfactory. Animals to draw it were more difficult to obtain. The cart-mule of Kansu seems chronically aged, lean, and sore of back. It was, consequently, a great prize to secure eventually a shaft-horse lately come from Urumchi, as it was therefore already inured to the medicinal waters of the desert oases, which are too often the cause of death to animals. On such long journeys, mules are generally much to be preferred to horses, since on arrival at the inns the former lie down in the dust immediately to roll themselves dry, and will then quietly go to their feed, requiring no further attention, whereas horses, if they are to be kept in health, demand constant care. As far as Kiayükwan the road was familiar to us, and we spent several days in that place, seeing many acquaintances made during our last visit. Tradition exacts from every traveller a curious custom, namely, that on leaving the Barrier, pebbles should be thrown against the outer side of the Great Wall, portions of which are actually worn away by the constant shower of missiles. If the traveller is to return in safety the pebble should rebound towards the thrower, but if not, it drops into the already high heap, and the man goes his way onward with a heavy heart. Owing to some obscure acoustic property, each pebble, when it hits the Wall, produces a twittering sound, something like the cheeping of little chickens! Every one heard it distinctly, and it is said to occur nowhere else.

The stones thrown by our party being satisfactorily

3;Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927 AF13 Northwest China AF13
~~Sinkiang AI-1~~

One of our students had crossed the Gobi to buy a stock of the medicinal plants which grow in the oases. He strongly recommended us to take the journey as he had done. 'Cheap and easy,' was his comment; 'I joined the camel drivers, and took it slowly. For twenty taels I rode their beasts, slept in their tents, and they fed me for over two months.'

'You may spend a lot of money in hiring carts and buying mules,' said one old wiseacre, 'but believe me the best way to travel is with a string of small donkeys. They eat little, are quick on their feet, and if some die the loss is insignificant.'

Some of our lady friends, the wives of officials had travelled these roads, and their comment generally was: 'We get into the carts at sunset, and know nothing until we reach our inn the next day'—a statement which we easily believed, knowing as we did that the opium tray is always served to official parties as the mules are being harnessed. Upon two points, however, all agreed, namely, that when travelling at midsummer, all stages must be taken by night, and that mules are preferable to horses, as the latter suffer severely from drinking the medicinal waters of the desert.

Having therefore duly listened to all possible expert advice obtainable from the Asian tribesmen who incessantly roam from end to end of that vast country, we proceeded to make our preparations for the expedition in accordance with their instructions, beginning by asking the help of friendly innkeepers in the important matter of securing suitable animals. It is a common occurrence for carters to find themselves short of money on their long journeys, and therefore to dispose of both carts, horses or mules in Suchow so as to raise sufficient funds, but a great many of the beasts offered were such

3:Cable & French M-5 (1926) 1927 AF13 Northwest China AF13
~~Sinkiang AF 2~~

miserable specimens as to be refused out of hand by the Deacon-in-Charge, without even referring the matter to us. Some owners, however, being very persistent, it soon became necessary for us personally to put in an appearance, to view the lame, blind, aged, bony and sore-backed creatures which presently paraded the compound court in a long, melancholy procession. Some of the worst specimens, however, wore splendid harness and finely-wrought saddles, borrowed for the occasion; but we were not to be taken in by such childish deceptions! Having ourselves already had some experience both in selling as well as in buying, we remained quite unimpressed by the flashily-groomed beast which clattered down the road, urged to a gallop by the owner, who declared himself in despair at having to part with the 'finest mule that Shensi has yet produced,' but which, stripped of its trappings, generally stood revealed as antique and emaciated, and with flanks heaving with exhaustion consequent on such an unusual effort. Nevertheless, one by one, we steadily added to our teams, until nine mules were comfortably champing side by side in the stable. Two large strong carts were next bought and then carefully overhauled in view of the heavy strain ahead. Our own small Peking cart which had already done valiant service was destined to carry us and our bedding, for though this conveyance made no provision for a possible lie-down at night, we yet chose it on account of the easier movement it afforded than the rolling and lurching of the larger vehicles, each of which, covered with matting and lined with felts, and with wheels studded with protruding iron nails, could carry a load of two thousand pounds.

Naturally enough, such preparations needed a considerable supply of ready money, which from the

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Tu ren

563 With a child-like smile he watched the performances, sipped
527 quantities of salted tea out of huge silver vessels and received
545 Tibetan visitors to the fair who came sliding up to him humbly on their knees with their hats under their arms, kissed the hem of his cloak and in turn received his blessing through imposition. /252/

541 Every day around noon during the fair week horse-owners and
527 fanciers assembled on a meadow somewhat apart and arranged
563 horse races, i.e., each of the competitors felt he had the best pacer. High trotters were never seen, they would have been ridiculed. Galloping was also considered a great mistake, as is generally the case among all East Asiatic horsemen. There was general approval only when one of the vigorous ponies outdistanced his rivals on the short track in the midst of the eager spectators, at a pace gait (always left front foot and left hind foot together, then right front and back, which for our feeling is such an ugly gait). The horses were spurred on by the riders with short whips which they held straight in front of themselves, and they shouted and called in harsh, jubilant voices. The crowd joined in, screaming with joy and enthusiasm and the friends and acquaintances received the happy owner of the winning horse with upturned thumbs, and praised the horse and the cleverness of its rider to the skies. Again and again he was obliged to appear and cover the track which extended only about 400-500 meters at a flying pace in the midst of the audience which was also largely mounted, and try his luck with new arrivals. If the horse only once fell into a gallop, everyone became critical and the owners who had previously been less fortunate, then had the scoffers and shouters on their side once
●[492] more. The riders who were Tu ren, but also Tibetans and Mohammedans, had very short stirrup straps, like all Central Asiatic horsemen, so that the lower part of their thighs is braced almost horizontally against the horse.

[526] There were also stone-throwing and wrestling matches, just as
[273] at the ancient Mongolian festivals of which Marco Polo tells. But the famous Wei yüan bu liquor was also duly appreciated. Round about the fair grounds groups of men and women assembled, especially young people. They gathered into groups according to the tribes and valleys to which they belonged, each one around a jug of barley schnapps (Plate LIII). Boys and girls squatted on the ground in a
533 gay throng. Again and again the little jug made the rounds among
527 them and meanwhile they sang their ancient folksongs of love, of
563 the old kings and champions and their heroic deeds. Even at night

5: Tafel--440 T-3 (1905-1908) 1914 AJ1 Tibet
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Plate LX.

/facing p. 257/

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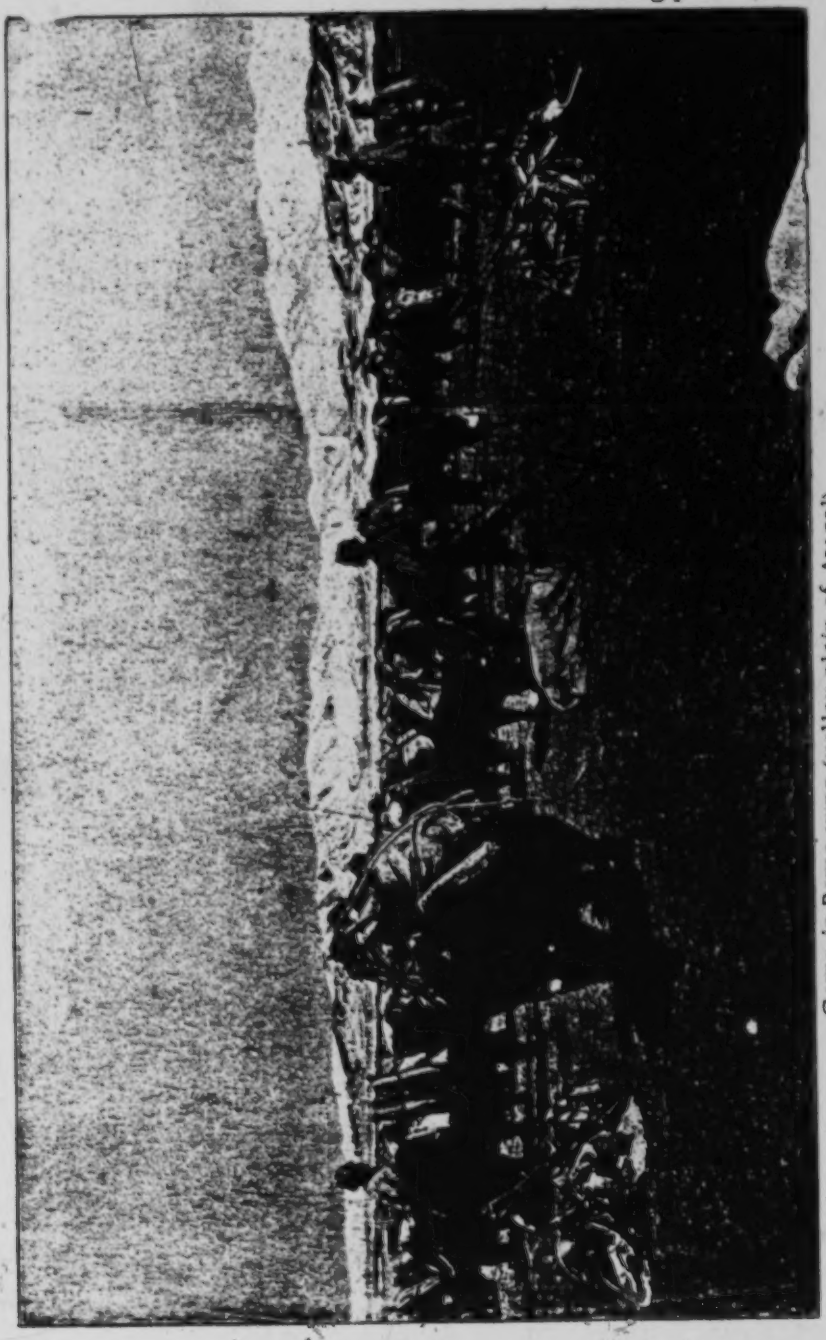

Camp in Remo yung (valley plain of Aragol).